79218

POEMS
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

——— φίλησε δ' φῦλον ἀοιδῶν.

Homer.

Homeri Hellicè Nidorat LP

LONDON:

Printed by W. WILKINS, for W. HINCHLIFFE, at *Dryden*'s *Head* under the *Royal-Exchange*. MDCCXVII.

POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

Saml. Gribelin Junr. Sculp:

TO

Her Royal Highneſs

THE

PRINCESS of *WALES*.

MADAM,

I Have not preſum'd to place your Royal Highneſs's Name before theſe inconſiderable Papers, from a vain Opinion, that any thing in them can be worthy your Peruſal; but your Illuſtrious Family having by many Titles an Univerſal

Right

Right to whatever Veneration and Zeal, good and grateful Subjects can expreſs; I eſteem'd it, as it were, a Point of Duty to lay theſe Poems at your Royal Highneſs's Feet.

At a Time alſo when the Diſaffected among us perverſely continue to exert ſo much Virulence and Malignity of Spirit againſt his Majeſty and his excellent Adminiſtration, thoſe who have a juſt Senſe of the invaluable Felicity we enjoy under it, cannot content themſelves with the ſilent Satisfaction of being faithful to his Majeſty in their Hearts, but are impatient to make a Public Declaration of it. The reſtleſs Machinators of Miſchief, who to accompliſh the intended Ruin of their Country broke out into the late Unnatural Rebellion, have, to recover their Diſappointment in that, projected a Scheme of Wickedneſs as prepoſterous and deteſted as can be imagin'd to enter into the Thoughts of blinded and deſperate Men. They have baſely implored an impoveriſh'd Nation to take Poſſeſſion of their Native Land, and (to the Deriſion of Common Senſe) have paid down Sums to hire a Hoaſt of Slaves, with a turbulent and abſolute Lord at their Head, to ruſh in upon us and aſſert the Britiſh *Liberties. By this Return for the many and great Inſtances of Clemency they*

have

have enjoyed, they ſeem to be exaſperated even by Mercy, and provoked to Revenge by uncommon Deeds of Grace, and to be willing rather to ſuffer any thing than ſupport the painful Happineſs of living under a Prince, whoſe ſurpriſing Indulgence would gladly preſerve them in that Eaſe and Safety they have often forfeited. As, to the Joy of all good Engliſhmen, *the Vigilance and Wiſdom of his Majeſty has unravell'd and render'd vain this laſt mad Deſign, it were to be wiſh'd, they would now with a virtuous Repentance abandon the impious Strife they have hitherto maintained, and be reclaimed by that Goodneſs they have ſo dangerouſly abuſed, that his Majeſty may have the noble Pleaſure he ſo generouſly deſires, of ſeeing all his Subjects flouriſhing and happy.*

Your Royal Highneſs's Perſonal Character, I am ſenſible, is ſo far Superior to any Deſcription or Panegyric I am able to make, that I dare not comply with my own ardent Inclination to attempt it: The Praiſes therefore of thoſe many excellent Virtues, which are the Felicity and Bleſſing of your Illuſtrious Conſort the Prince, (the Kingdom's ſecond Hope and Glory) and of your Promiſing Family, and are both the Wonder and Inſtruction of the preſent Age, and will, in the noble Effects of them, de-

ſcend

ſcend to ſucceeding Times, I muſt leave to more ſkilful Hands; and ſhall only beg, that your Royal Highneſs will condeſcend to pardon the Boldneſs of this Addreſs in,

MADAM,

Your Royal Highness's

moſt Obedient

and Devoted Servant,

Thomas Hollier Ridout.

THE

CONTENTS.

ON the Tatler. *Written in* 1709. *Page* 1.

Occaſion'd by the Picture of Daniel *in the Lions Den.* *p.* 2.

To Sir Richard Blackmore, *on his Poem entitled,* Creation. *p.* 3.

Martial, *Book* 1. *Epigram* 9. *p.* 8.

Book 1. *Epigram* 40. *p.* 9.

Book 1. *Epigram* 43. *p.* 10.

Book 2. *Epigram* 90. *p.* 10.

Quæ caret Ora Cruore noſtro? *Paraphras'd.* *p.* 11.

The Rape of Proſerpine *by* Pluto, *and the Transformation of* Cyane *into a River. From* Ovid's Metamorphoſes, *Book* 5. *p.* 12.

The Parting of Pompey *and* Cornelia. *From* Lucan's Pharſalia, *Book* 5. *p.* 21.

A Letter from Doway *to Mr.* Duncombe. *Written in* 1710. *p.* 29.

Horace,

The CONTENTS.

Horace, *Book* 1. *Ode* 5. *p.* 37.

Book 1. *Ode* 9. *p.* 41.

Book 1. *Ode* 27. *p.* 43.

Book 2. *Ode* 3. *p.* 49.

Epode 13. *p.* 54.

The Calends of May. *From* Buchanan. *p.* 55.

An Alluſion to Virgil, *Æneis* 6. *Verſe* 660. *p.* 58.

To Euryalus, *on the Death of his Mother. In Imitation of* Horace, *Ode* 9. *Book* 2. *Written in* 1711. *p.* 61.

The Lamentation of Andromache *for the Death of* Hector. *From the Greek of* Homer, *Iliad* 22. *Verſe* 437. *p.* 66.

ERRATA.

Page 16. Verſe 2. for *Bough*, read, *Bow.*
20. 6. for *liquid*, read, *limpid.*
43. 2. for *Leap*, read, *Lead.*

POEMS

POEMS
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

On the TATLER.

Alluding to the MOTTO,

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

WHate'er Men act on the World's ample Stage,
Is the mix'd Subject of my uſeful Page.
As the bold *Trojan*, in thick Miſts array'd,
Himſelf conceal'd, all *Dido*'s Court ſurvey'd;
So I, unſeen, all human Actions view,
Nor fear, unknown, to repreſent them true:

Thus Eccho, from a Cave's obſcure Retreat,
Does ev'ry Voice and ev'ry Sound repeat.

Occaſion'd by the Picture *of* DANIEL *in the Lion's Den.*

SEE how the *Hebrew* Youth, ſerenely brave,
Sits calm and fearleſs in the dreadful Cave,
On the Protection of his God relies,
And the vain Malice of his Foes defies;
With dauntleſs Courage is his Boſom ſteel'd,
Truth is his Sword, and Innocence his Shield.
The ſavage Herd, tho' with keen Hunger preſt,
Stand harmleſs round, nor dare attack their Gueſt;
A ſacred Awe their native Fierceneſs reins,
Subdues their Fury, and their Rage reſtrains;
In gentle Geſtures they the Prophet greet,
Couch humbly on the Ground, and fawning lick his Feet.

To Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, *on his* Poem, *entitled*, CREATION.

Hic *canit errantem Lunam Soliſque labores,*
Unde Hominum Genus, & Pecudes, unde Imber, & Ignes,
Arcturum, pluviaſque Hyadas, geminoſque Triones:
Quid tantum Oceano properent ſe tingere Soles
Hyberni, vel quæ tardis Mora Noctibus obſtet. Virg.

DReſs'd in the Charms of Wit and Fancy, long
The Muſe has pleas'd us with her *Syren* Song;
But weak of Reaſon, and deprav'd of Mind,
Too oft on vile, ignoble Themes we find
The wanton Muſe her ſacred Art debaſe,
Forgetful of her Birth and heav'nly Race;
Too oft her flatt'ring Songs to Sin entice,
And in falſe Colours deck deluſive Vice;

Too oft ſhe condeſcends, in ſervile Lays,
The undeſerving Rich and Great to praiſe.
Theſe beaten Paths thy loftier Strains refuſe
With juſt Diſdain, and nobler Subjects chuſe:
Fir'd with ſublimer Thoughts, thy daring Soul
Wings her aſpiring Flight from Pole to Pole,
Obſerves the Footſteps of a Pow'r Divine,
Which in each Part of Nature's Syſtem ſhine,
Surveys the Wonders of this beauteous Frame,
And ſings the Sacred Source, whence all Things came.

But O! what Numbers ſhall I find, to tell
The mighty Tranſports which my Boſom ſwell,
Whilſt guided by thy tuneful Voice, I ſtray
Thro' radiant Worlds and Fields of Native Day;
Wafted from Orb to Orb, unwearied fly
Thro' the blue Regions of the yielding Sky,

See how the Spheres in ſtated Courſes roll,
And view the juſt Compoſure of the Whole!

Such were the Strains by ancient *Orpheus* ſung,
To ſuch, *Muſæus'* heav'nly Lyre was ſtrung:
Exalted Truths in learned Verſe they told,
And Nature's deepeſt Secrets did unfold.
How at th' Eternal Mind's Omnific Call,
Yon ſtarry Arch, and this Terreſtrial Ball,
The briny Wave, the blazing Source of Light,
And the wan Empreſs of the ſilent Night,
Each in its Order roſe, and took its Place,
And fill'd with recent Forms the vacant Space;
How rolling Planets trace their deſtin'd Way,
Nor in the Waſtes of pathleſs *Æther* ſtray;
How the pale Moon with ſilver Beams adorns
Her changful Orb, and gilds her ſharpen'd Horns;

How the vaſt Ocean's ſwelling Tides obey
Her diſtant Reign, and own her wat'ry Sway;
How erring Floods their circling Courſe maintain,
Supply'd by conſtant Succours from the Main,
Whilſt to the Sea the refluent Streams reſtore
The liquid Treaſures, which ſhe lent before;
What dreadful Veil obſcures the ſolar Light,
And *Phœbe*'s darken'd Face conceals from mortal Sight.

Thy learned Muſe I with like Pleaſure hear
The Wonders of the leſſer World declare,
Point out the various Marks of Skill Divine,
Which thro' its complicated Structure ſhine,
In tuneful Verſe the vital Current trace
Thro' all the Windings of its mazy Race,
And tell how the rich purple Tide beſtows
Vigour and kindly Warmth, where-e'er it flows;

By what Contrivance of mechanic Art
The Muſcles Motion to the Limbs impart;
How, at th' Imperial Mind's impulſive Nod,
Th' obedient Spirits thro' the nervous Road
Find to their Fibrous Cells their ready Way,
And the high Dictates of the Will obey;
From how exact and delicate a Frame,
The channel'd Bones their nimble Action claim;
With how much Depth and Subtilty of Thought,
The curious Organ of the Eye is wrought;
How from the Brain their Root the Nerves derive,
And Senſe to ev'ry diſtant Member give.

Th' extenſive Knowledge you of Man enjoy,
You to a double Uſe of Man employ;
Nor to the Body is your Skill confin'd,
Of Error's worſe Diſeaſe you heal the Mind.

No longer ſhall the hardy Atheiſt praiſe
Lucretius' piercing Wit and philoſophic Lays;
But, by your Lines convinc'd and charm'd at once,
His impious Tenets ſhall at length renounce,
At length to Truth and Eloquence ſhall yield,
Confeſs himſelf ſubdu'd, and wiſely quit the Field.

Martial, *Book* 1. *Epigram* 9.

To DECIANUS.

THAT *Decianus*, tho' you hold the Rules
Of *Thraſeas*, *Cato*, and the *Stoic* Schools,
You ruſh not on the Sword, but dare to live,
The nobleſt Pattern you of Virtue give.
That Man I prize, who bravely Ills endures,
Not him, who Fame by eaſy Death procures.

Martial,

Martial, *Book* 1. *Epigram* 40.

To the Same.

LIves there a Man, that may with Juſtice claim
With the few Friends of Old an equal Name;
Who is with *Greek* and *Roman* Learning fraught,
Sincerely upright both in Word and Thought?
Lives there, who makes what's Good his conſtant Choice,
And asks the Gods no Boon with whiſp'ring Voice;
Who can on his own Strength of Soul rely?
Thou *Decian* art the Man, or let me die.

Martial, *Book* 1. *Epigram* 43.

WHEN *Brutus'* Fate to *Portia* was reveal'd,
And Arms, ſhe ſaw, were by her Friends conceal'd;
" Know ye not yet, Death cannot be deny'd?
" I thought my Sire had taught you this, ſhe cry'd.
Then ſwallowing living Coals, ſhe ſpoke theſe Words;
" Go now officious Crowd, deny me Swords.

Martial, *Book* 2. *Epigram* 90.

To QUINTILIAN.

RENown'd *Quintilian*, of diſtinguiſh'd Name,
The Glory of the Gown, and Boaſt of Fame;
Forgive

Forgive me, that tho' Poor, I make ſuch haſte
Life to enjoy, e'er Life's beſt Hours are paſt.
Let them delay it, who are ne'er content,
But labour ſtill their Riches to augment;
Who their high Rooms with coſtly Pictures grace,
And in their Halls a Crowd of Statues place.
Theſe few Things ſatisfy my chaſte Deſire,
A ſmall convenient Houſe, a chearful Fire:
A living Fountain, and a homely Bow'r
In Summer's Heat to paſs a careleſs Hour;
A ſleek and well-fed Slave, no letter'd Wife;
Nights crown'd with Sleep, and Days unknown to Strife.

Quæ caret Ora Cruore noſtro? Hor.

WHAT diſtant Region or what foreign Flood,
But has been tinctur'd with brave *Britiſh* Blood?

What Force, or Art, can ſtop *Britannia*'s Arms?
With Pow'r ſhe conquers, and with Mercy charms:
Submiſſive Nations bow their humble Heads,
And pay due Homage to her ſov'reign Deeds.

The Rape *of* PROSERPINE *by* PLUTO, *with the* Transformation *of* CYANE *into a River.*

From *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*, Book 5.

Calliope aroſe with graceful Pride,
(Her gather'd Locks with Ivy Wreaths were ty'd)
And touching lightly firſt the plaintive Strings,
To bolder Notes theſe Verſes then ſhe ſings;

Ceres firſt taught the Uſe of yellow Corn,
And did with waving Ears the Fields adorn;

Firſt

Firſt gave the Laws, to *Ceres* they belong,
And ſhe ſhall be the Subject of my Song.
O! that I cou'd a worthy Lay rehearſe;
The Goddeſs claims the moſt exalted Verſe.

The * Giant, who attack'd the bleſt Abodes
Of the ſupream unconquerable Gods,
And hop'd by Force to ſcale th' Ætherial Skies,
Beneath vaſt *Sicily* in Torment lies;
He heaves the Load, and oft' attempts to riſe:
But his Right Hand *Pelorus* preſſes down,
And on the Left is large *Pachynus* thrown;
While *Lilybæum* o'er his Thighs is ſpread,
And *Ætna* cruſhes his devoted Head;
Where from his Mouth, and Noſtrils he expires
Black Clouds of Smoak, and Floods of liquid Fires,

* *Typhoeus.*

The

The Maſs of Earth, oft' labours to remove,
And from his Breaſt, the Towns and Mountains ſhove.
Hence ſhakes the Land, and the dire King of Night
Himſelf ev'n fears, leſt the prevailing Light
Thro' the wide-gaping Chaſm ſhou'd find its Way,
And terrify the Ghoſts with ruſhing Day;
And cautious to prevent ſo dire a Fate,
Iſſues in haſte from his infernal Gate;
His Chariot drawn by ſable Steeds he guides,
And thro' the Caverns of *Sicilia* rides.
But when he ſaw no broken Rift appear
In the firm Earth, he laid aſide his Fear:
Him wandring thus, the watchful *Venus* ſpies,
And thus, embracing her wing'd Son, ſhe cries;

Cupid, my Arms and Strength, thoſe Weapons take,
With which you always a ſure Conqueſt make,

And in that ſullen God your Arrows fix,
Who reigns o'er baleful *Acheron* and *Styx*.
Thou conquer'd lead'ſt in ſweet Captivity
The Deities of Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea.
Why then does *Tartarus* thy Pow'r diſown?
Extend thy Mother's Empire and thy own,
And in the neather World exalt thy Throne.
Ev'n ſtill my Might, in our own Heav'n above,
Is ſcorn'd, and ſlighted is the Pow'r of Love;
Proud *Pallas* and the untam'd Huntreſs Queen,
Will not among my Votaries be ſeen;
And *Ceres'* Daughter too will live a Maid,
If we permit, and in their Footſteps tread:
But if you wou'd ſupport our ſocial Shrine,
The beauteous Goddeſs to her Uncle joyn.

Thus *Venus* ſpoke. His Quiver he takes down,
And from a thouſand Arrows culls out one,

His

His Mother's Choice; than which none ſmarter came
From the tough Bough, nor ſurer took its Aim.
With all his Strength he draws the barbed Dart,
Swiftly it flew, and pierc'd the Monarch's Heart.

Not far from *Enna*'s Walls, of Water clear
There lies a Lake, which *Pergus*' Name does bear;
Caÿſtros does not more with Swans abound,
Nor oftner hears their ſweet melodious Sound.
On ev'ry Side, a thick and ſhady Wood
Shelters from Heat the deep and ſilent Flood;
Th' embracing Boughs a grateful Coolneſs ſhed,
And the moiſt Ground with various Flow'rs is ſpread:
Eternal Spring here reigns. In this ſweet Grove,
Gay *Proſerpine* does innocently rove,
And crops white Lillies or the Vi'let blue,
And ſeeks in Choice t'excel the Virgin Crew;

Her Baskets loads, and decks with Female Care
Her Breaſt with Flow'rs, with Flow'rs ſhe crowns her Hair:
While thus ſhe does with youthful Freedom play,
Dis ſaw at once, admir'd, and raviſh'd her away;
So ſwift is Love. The Goddeſs calls for Aid
On her fond Mother, and each friendly Maid;
But moſt her Mother calls. Her Gown ſhe tore,
And drop'd the Flow'rs, that in her Lap ſhe bore;
And ev'n this Loſs attracts the Virgin's Tears,
So great Simplicity attends her Years.

The Raviſher his Chariot drives with ſpeed,
And by his Name provokes each fiery Steed;
And o'er their ſnorting Heads, and flowing Manes,
He ſmacks the Whip, and ſhakes the ſooty Reins:
Thro' the deep Lakes he paſs'd and fervid Pool
Of the two Twins, with boiling Sulphur full;

And where the *Bacchians*, from fair *Corinth* thrown,
Betwixt th' unequal Havens built their Town.
Inclos'd in narrow Bounds, a ſtraighten'd Sea
By *Cyane*'s clear Fount and *Arethuſa*'s lay;
Here *Cyane*, the Goddeſs of the Flood,
And faireſt Nymph of all *Sicilia* ſtood;
From whom the Lake is nam'd. Her Head ſhe rears,
And to the Waſte above the Waves appears;
The God ſhe knew. You ſhall no farther go,
She cries, nor bear bright *Proſerpine* below;
You can't the Daughter for your Conſort gain,
Unleſs her Mother's Leave you firſt obtain.
You ſhou'd the Nymph with ſoothing Words have woo'd,
By gentle Arts, and not by Force ſubdu'd.
If little Things I may to great compare,
Anapis lov'd me with a Flame ſincere;
Yet by Intreaties won, and not by Dread,
I came the Partner of his Nuptial Bed.

This ſaid; ſhe both her Arms extended wide,
And farther Paſſage to the God deny'd.
Pluto no longer cou'd his Rage reſtrain,
Nor in his Breaſt his boiling Wrath contain;
But chears his Steeds; and ſtrongly brandiſh'd round,
Buries his Royal Sceptre in the Ground.
The ſmitten Earth to Hell a Paſſage gives,
And in the Gulph the ſinking Car receives.

But *Cyane* with ſecret Grief does mourn
The raviſh'd Bride, and *Pluto*'s haughty Scorn;
Deep in her Breaſt the deadly Sorrow lies,
And ceaſeleſs Tears o'erflow her weeping Eyes:
Loſt in the Flood, o'er which ſhe reign'd before,
Clear Stream ſhe grows, a Goddeſs now no more.
Her beauteous Limbs melt down like heated Snow;
Her bending Bones beneath their Burden bow,
And ſoften'd Nails no more their Hardneſs know.

And firſt the ſlend'rſt Parts diſſolv'd appear,
Her Feet, her Legs, her Fingers and her Hair:
Her Shoulders next, her Sides, her Back and Breaſt
To Water turn'd, the liquid Change confeſt.
Her Veins no more a purple Liquor held,
Not now with Blood, but liquid Currents ſwell'd.
In her whole Form, of Solid Nought remain'd,
Transform'd to fleeting Wave, that cheats the graſping
(Hand.

The Parting *of* POMPEY *and* CORNELIA.

From *Lucan*'s *Pharſalia*, Book 5.

WHEN *Cæſar* had collected all his Might,
And nearly now approach'd the doubtful Fight;
Cornelia, Thee, from War's Alarms ſecure,
Pompey decrees to *Lesbos*' diſtant Shore.
How ſtrong a Flame, connubial Love imparts,
With conqu'ring Pow'r, to two united Hearts!
Love makes ev'n thee, great *Pompey*, fear t' engage,
And loath to ſee the bloody Battel rage;
Nought but *Cornelia* ſtriv'ſt thou to ſecure
Beyond the Reach of fickle Fortune's Pow'r,

And that dread Blow, which muſt decide the Fate
Of the whole World, and mighty *Roman* State.

Tho' thus reſolv'd, he knows not how to find
Words to expreſs the Dictates of his Mind;
He's pleas'd a while t'indulge a kind Delay,
And wiſhes the wing'd Hours wou'd longer ſtay.
At length one Morn, when Sleep forſakes his Eyes,
And from the breaking Day, the Darkneſs flies;
As kind *Cornelia* cheriſh'd on her Breaſt
His heavy Head, with theſe ſad Thoughts oppreſt,
And ſeeks by Blandiſhments to lull his Cares,
With Wonder ſhe perceives his tricling Tears;
Yet dares not own, ſhe knows her *Pompey* weep;
He ſighing, cou'd no longer Silence keep,

But in theſe Words began; " My much lov'd Wife,
" Dearer to me, much dearer than my Life,

" Not

" Not only now, when Life's a Burden grown,
" But when it moſt with Mirth and Triumph ſhone;
" The mournful Day, in vain delay'd, appears;
" *Cæſar* for Battel all his Hoſt prepares;
" We muſt give way to War; from whoſe dire Heat
" *Lesbos* will yield Thee a ſecure Retreat:
" To alter my Reſolves no Pray'rs employ;
" My ſelf I have deny'd my deareſt Joy.
" You will not long be abſent from my Side;
" *Rome*'s Fortune ſoon will in the Field be try'd.
" It is enough for Thee to hear from far
" My Dangers, and the Horrors of the War;
" Nor can you bear, if I divine aright,
" Your *Pompey* to behold engag'd in Fight.
" Honour forbids me with my Wife to reſt,
" And ſleep inglorious on thy fragrant Breaſt,
" When the loud Trumpet's animating Sound
" To Battel calls the Nations all around.

" *Pompey*

" *Pompey* wou'd bluſh to join in Civil Arms,
" Sad with no Loſs, and free from common Harms.
" Mean while, in *Lesbos* be you ſafe conceal'd.
" Shou'd Heav'n compel our fainting Troops to yield,
" At ſo great Diſtance plac'd, thy Husband's Fate
" Will bear upon thee with diminiſh'd Weight:
" If *Pompey*'s Ghoſt muſt to the Shades deſcend,
" At leaſt, ye Gods, his better Half defend!
" But if o'ercome, I'm not indulg'd to die,
" Leave one, to whom I may be glad to fly.

Such pondrous Grief and ſuch tormenting Pain,
She ſcarce had Strength and Courage to ſuſtain,
But for a while did without Words remain.
Soon as her ſtifling Sorrows found a Vent,
Diſtreſs'd, ſhe breaks into this ſad Complaint;

" I

" I have no Reaſon now the Gods t' accuſe,
" Nor partial Fate, that I muſt *Pompey* loſe;
" Our Marriage is not broke by Nature's Laws,
" Nor does the Fun'ral Torch this Parting cauſe;
" But like a vile Plebeian ſent away,
" *Pompey* commands, and I am forc'd t'obey.
" The Nuptial Band, becauſe the Foe draws nigh,
" Muſt we diſſolve for his malicious Joy?
" Have you no better known my Faith and Love,
" Than to believe that any Place can prove
" Secure to me, when you are not ſecure;
" Shall we not both one common Lot endure?
" Torn from your Arms, will you your Wife expoſe
" To ſo great Dangers and ſuch cruel Foes?
" If you ſhould periſh, I'm reſolv'd to die,
" Nor can, without you, wiſh from Fate to fly;
" Why will you force me then in Pain to live,
" Till the ſad News at *Lesbos* can arrive?

" But if the Gods the juſter Cauſe ſhou'd bleſs,
" And crown your Arms with merited Succeſs,
" Why, muſt I laſt the joyful Tidings hear,
" And when you triumph, be o'erwhelm'd with Fear?
" Nor will Succeſs releaſe me from my Pain,
" For ſhou'd your proſp'rous Troops the Battel gain,
" *Cæſar* of me may flying make a Prey,
" And from th' unguarded Coaſt, ſecurely ſnatch away.
" Th' unhappy Shore, where I ſhall make Aboad,
" By Fame's loud Voice will ſoon be blaz'd Abroad;
" Who will not know the *Mitylenian* Seat,
" Where *Pompey*'s Wife ſhall make her ſad Retreat?
" This laſt I ask, if conquer'd in the Field,
" To Force ſuperior you're oblig'd to yield,
" If nought but Flight for Safety can avail;
" When to the Winds you ſpread the ſwelling Sail,
" Rather to any other Land be brought,
" For on my Shores, you'll certainly be fought.

This

This ſaid; diſtracted from the Bed ſhe ſprung,
And wou'd not by Delays her Grief prolong;
She cannot bear to hang upon his Face,
And fondly clinging give the laſt Embrace;
Farewel, could Neither at their Parting ſpeak,
Nor had they Pow'r a formal Leave to take.
So ſad a Day, they ne'er before had known,
For other Griefs were now familiar grown,
Inur'd to Ills, they could with Eaſe ſuſtain
All Sorrows elſe, and ev'ry common Pain.

Swooning ſhe ſinks, but by her Servants Hands
Is ſafe ſupported to the barren Sands;
On the bare Beach herſelf ſhe wildly caſt,
And in the Bark reluctantly is plac'd.
Not ſo diſmay'd ſhe left th' *Italian* Shore,
When conqu'ring *Cæſar* all before him bore;

Then ſafe ſhe ſeem'd with *Pompey* for her Aid,
But now alone is fill'd with Female Dread.
Th'enſuing Night, no Slumbers cloſe her Eyes,
Awake, and fill'd with mournful Thoughts ſhe lies.
Then firſt the ſolitary Bed ſhe try'd,
Without her Husband by her widow'd Side.
How oft when Sleep her weary'd Senſes holds,
The empty Cloathes with catching Arms ſhe folds!
Forgetful of his Abſence and her Flight,
She ſeeks for *Pompey* in the ſilent Night;
And tho' ſhe does with ſecret Ardor burn,
O'er the whole Space, herſelf ſhe will not turn,
But for him keeps that Portion of the Bed,
Where he was wont to lay his weary Head.
This only Fear does in her Boſom reign,
Leſt ling'ring War her Husband ſhou'd detain;
But Heav'n did no ſuch happy thing ordain;

Too ſoon, alas! will come the poſting Hour,
That to her wretched Arms, her *Pompey* ſhall reſtore.

A Letter from Doway *to Mr.* DUNCOMBE.

Written in the Year 1710.

Dî Jovis in Tectis Iram miſeranter inanem
Amborum, & tantos Mortalibus eſſe labores. Virg.

--------- *Secretum Iter & fallentis Semita Vitæ.* Hor.

DEAR Friend, revolving in my penſive Mind
The various States and Fortunes of Mankind,
At length from Errors free'd, I clearly ſee
The higheſt Bliſs is in a low Degree.
When for Preferment eagerly I ſought,
So torn and fretted was my anxious Thought,

That

That all my preſent Happineſs I loſt,
By damping Fears and flatt'ring Wiſhes toſt.
Then Sickneſs ſeiz'd me with reſiſtleſs Force,
And of my tow'ring Projects check'd the Courſe;
Awhile to black Deſpair I yield the Rein,
Hopeleſs my waſted Vigour to regain.
Of the dire Paſſing Bell the ſolemn Sound
(Which ev'ry Night I tolling heard around)
Admoniſh'd me to meet approaching Fate,
And fit my ſelf for an Eternal State:
But in the Morn, the Trumpet's loud Alarms,
The Neighings of the Steeds, and Clank of Arms,
Thoſe ſober Thoughts chac'd haſtily away,
And bid me wild Ambition's Voice obey.

Before I knew the hardy Heroes Toils,
I envy'd their Renown and gorgeous Spoils;

To Honour's Heights I eagerly aſpir'd,
And with the Thirſt of Fame my Breaſt was fir'd:
Of their embroider'd Cloathes the gaudy Sight
Excited in my Mind a brisk Delight;
My beating Heart, with Martial Ardor warm'd,
The prauncing Courſer and gay Rider charm'd:
But ſoon as I a ſlender Share ſuſtain
Of their vaſt Labours and fatigu'ing Pain,
The Praiſes due to their high Worth I give,
Nor wiſh ſuch coſtly Glories to receive.

What num'rous Miſchiefs ſpring from waſtful War!
Who can behold, without a riſing Tear,
The ſpreading Ruins of ſo fair a Town,
Its Houſes and rich Temples batter'd down;
Or ſee the youthful Soldier yield his Breath,
And, that his Country triumphs, ſmile in Death,

Yet not lament his hard untimely Fate,
And pity wretched Mortals hapleſs State.

What fatal Fury governs Humankind!
To their own Bliſs prepoſterouſly blind!
Their Swords againſt themſelves they madly turn,
And impiouſly with ranc'rous Malice burn;
The Tyger does his Fellow Tyger ſpare;
Nor Lion will his Brother Lion tear;
Man againſt *Man* his vengeful Arms employs,
And his own Species wantonly deſtroys;
By raging Paſſions and deſtructive Hate,
He urges ling'ring Death, and ſhortens half his Date.
They, whom their Parents with indulgent Care,
So many tedious Years employ'd to rear,
Do in a Moment's Space each other kill,
And in Life's early Bloom, the vital Current ſpill.

O bleſt Effect of Arbitrary Pow'r!
Who ſeeks her peaceful Neighbours to devour,
And not content her Subjects to enſlave,
Does Millions plunge to an untimely Grave.

The Tops of Neighb'ring Hills are cover'd o'er
With countleſs Crowds, as Sand upon the Shore:
Some on th' Attacks gaze with admiring Eyes,
The Ruins ſome behold with wild Surprize;
The Officers ſurvey the broken Walls;
The Poor collect the ſcatter'd Cannon Balls:
His tender Wife the hardy Vet'ran brings
To take a View of his paſt Sufferings.
Thus, like a fleeting Viſion of the Night,
All former Toils ſoon vaniſh from their Sight.

Whilſt I'm engag'd in this tumultuous Life,
With buſy Cares perplex'd and noiſy Strife,

You, Contemplation's ſolid Pleaſures taſte,
In calm Receſs and peaceful Leiſure plac'd,
With Learning's various Stores enrich your Mind,
Each Author read, renown'd for Wit refin'd;
Horatian Lays and *Virgil*'s ſtudied Page,
Or what old *Homer* ſung with loftier Rage:
Tully and *Seneca*, whoſe Works are fraught
With weightier Truths, employ your deeper Thought.

The Man, who is with Health of Body bleſt,
And of a mod'rate Share of Wealth poſſeſt,
An eaſy Temper, and an open Heart,
And freely of his Little can impart;
Nor at his Neighbour's happier Lot repines,
Becauſe he with a brighter Luſtre ſhines;
Who does not eagerly to Pow'r aſpire,
Nor vain Applauſes of the Crowd admire;

Who low degrading Pleaſures can deſpiſe,
And look on Gold with undeſiring Eyes;
And has the Fear of certain Death o'ercome,
Need not abroad for Entertainment roam;
For whoſoe'er is Maſter of his Mind,
May Happineſs at home ſecurely find.

Horat. Lib. 1. Ode 5.

Ad PYRRHAM.

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfuſus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, ſub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis? Heu quoties fidem
Mutatoſque Deos flebit, & aſpera

Nigris

ODES of Horace.

Excurſions are inexpiably bad,
And 'tis much ſafer to leave out than add.

ROSCOMMON.

Book I. *Ode* 5.

To PYRRHA.

WHAT well-ſhap'd Youth, with liquid (ſweet, Odors,
Does in a choſen Grotto's cool Retreat,
Thee, *Pyrrha*, court, thy lovely Form careſs,
And on a fragrant Bed of Roſes preſs?
For whom bind'ſt thou in Wreaths thy yellow Hair,
Genteely neat, with unaffected Care?

How

Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens;
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ,
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

How oft, alas! ſhall he, with anxious Pain,
Of thy falſe Vows, and the chang'd Gods complain!
How oft admire to ſee the Billows riſe,
And the black Winds deform the low'ring Skies!
Who gayly rifles now thy golden Charms,
And fondly claſps thee in his folding Arms;
And heedleſs thinks, you'll ſtill reward his Love,
And ever conſtant, ever faithful prove.
Unhappy they, on whom you ſmoothly ſmile,
And, thoughtleſs of your ſubtle Arts, beguile!
For me, the conſecrated Picture ſhows,
To the Sea-God I've paid my grateful Vows;
And now from Dangers of the Main ſet free,
Secure I triumph in my Liberty.

Lib. 1. Ode 9.

Ad THALIARCHUM.

VIDES, ut altâ ſtet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam ſuſtineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina conſtiterint acuto.

Diſſolve frigus, ligna ſuper foco
Largè reponens; atque benigniùs
Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,
O Thaliarche, merum diotâ.

Permitte Divis cætera: qui ſimul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
Deprœliantes, nec cupreſſi,
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid ſit futurum cras, fuge quærere; &
Quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro

Appone

Book 1. *Ode* 9.

SEE how the hilly Heights are white with Snow;
The lab'ring Trees their bending Branches bow,
And Rivers, cak'd in Ice, forget to flow.
Pile Logs of Wood to chace the chilling Cold;
Produce the gen'rous Wine, which makes us bold:
For all Things elſe, let the wiſe Gods provide,
Who, ſoon as they have ſtill'd the roaring Tide,
And warring Winds; the Trees to tremble ceaſe,
And all lies huſh'd in the profoundeſt Peace.
Inquire not what to Morrow will produce,
Apply the fleeting Time to preſent Uſe.

Appone : nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas.
Donec virenti canities abeſt
Moroſa ; Nunc & campus, & areæ,
Leneſque ſub noctem ſuſurri
Compoſita repetantur hora :
Nunc & latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ riſus ab angulo,
Pignuſque dereptum lacertis,
Aut digito male pertinaci.

Lib. 1. Ode 27.

Ad Sodales.

NATIS in uſum lætitiæ ſcyphis
Pugnare, Thracum eſt : tollite barbarum
Morem ; verecundumque Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis.

Vino

Deſpiſe not ſweet Amours: While you are young
Leap up a Dance, and ſing a ſprightly Song.
Let Balls and Plays be now your chief Delight,
And Love's ſoft Whiſpers at th' Approach of Night.
With jocund Nymphs now toy, whoſe Charms inſpire
A Gaiety of Heart and gentle Fire:
Hid in a Corner, the diſſembling Maid
By a forc'd Laugh is willingly betray'd;
Where from the half-conſenting Wanton ſnatch
A ſparkling Ring, or Trinket of a Watch.

Book 1. *Ode* 27

To his Companions.

I.

WITH Glaſſes form'd for jovial Joy,
Let rough unmanner'd *Thracians* fight;
Far hence remove that barb'rous Rite;
Forbear with bloody Broils our Mirth t' annoy.

Vino & lucernis Medus acinaces
Immane quantum diſcrepat. Impium
Lenite clamorem, ſodales,
Et cubito remanete preſſo.
Vultis ſeveri me quoque ſumere
Partem Falerni? Dicat Opuntiæ
Frater Megillæ, quo beatus
Vulnere, qua pereat ſagitta.
Ceſſat voluntas? Non alia bibam
Mercede. Quæ te cunque domat Venus,
Non erubeſcendis adurit
Ignibus: ingenuoque ſemper

Amore

II.

My Friends, your impious Clamours ceaſe;
The *Perſian* Sabre and the Sword
Ill with theſe Lamps and Wine accord;
Let ev'ry Man reſume his former Place.

III.

Expect you that the Glaſs go round?
Then let *Magilla*'s Brother tell,
By what enchanting Maid he fell,
And from whoſe Eyes receiv'd his happy Wound.

IV.

Do you this eaſy Task decline?
Whatever Nymph thy Boſom tames,
Thou burn'ſt with no ignoble Flames;
I ſwear then I'll not taſte this muddy Wine.

Amore peccas. Quicquid habes, age,
Depone tutis auribus. Ah miſer,
Quanta laboras in Charybdi!
Digne puer meliore flamma.
Quæ ſaga, quis te ſolvere Theſſalis
Magus venenis, quis poterit Deus?
Vix illigatum te triformi
Pegaſus expediet Chimæra.

V.

Who-e'er ſhe be, to my ſafe Ear
The Secret truſt. Ah wretched Youth!
How wide I wander'd from the Truth,
Thoughtleſs the Name of ſuch a Jilt to hear.

VI.

What Sorc'reſs with *Theſſalian* Charms,
What Magic Art or Heav'nly Pow'r
Can thy loſt Liberty reſtore,
And free thee from this Hag's envenom'd Arms?

Lib. 2. Ode 3.

Ad DELLIUM.

ÆQUAM memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non ſecus ac bonis
Ab inſolenti temperatam
Lætitia; moriture Delli,
Seu mœſtus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Feſtos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni:

Book 2. Ode 3.

To DELLIUS.

WHEN Fortune frowns, preſerve a ſteady Mind,
Nor ſwell with too much Joy, when Fortune's (kind;
With Moderation temper either State;
To die at laſt, O *Dellius*, is your Fate,
Whether you joyleſs waſte your Time away,
While pining Sorrows on your Vitals prey;
Or gayly chearful, on a Turf reclin'd,
With racy Wine exhilerate your Mind.

Qua pinus ingens, albaque populus
Umbram hoſpitalem conſociare amant
Ramis; & obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo;
Huc vina, & unguenta, & nimium breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube roſæ;
Dum res, & ætas, & ſororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.
Cedes coëmptis ſaltibus, & domo,
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit:
Cedes; & extructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.
Diveſne priſco natus ab Inacho,
Nil intereſt, an pauper, & infima
De gente ſub dio moreris,
Victima nil miſerantis Orci.

Omnes

Where the large Pine and ſpreading Poplar aid,
With twining Boughs to give a grateful Shade;
And a ſwift Brook with murm'ring Eddies flows,
Kiſſing the winding Banks, and trembling as it goes;
Hither Perfumes, and Wine, and Roſes bring,
And all the ſhort-liv'd Odors of the Spring;
While Youth and Opportunity allow,
Nor with the Weight of feeble Age you bow.
Hence you muſt go, and leave your purchas'd Grove,
The Seat where *Tiber*'s yellow Waters rove;
Hence you muſt go; your Treaſures pil'd on high,
Your happy Heir ſhall ſpeedily enjoy.
Whether you're Rich, and ſprung from Royal Race,
'Tis ſtill the ſame, as if but Poor and Baſe;
All muſt ſubmit to *Pluto*'s dreadful Sway,
When he commands, both Rich and Poor obey.

Omnes eodem cogimur : omnium
Verſatur urna ſerius ocyus
Sors exitura, & nos in æternum
Exſilium impoſitura cymbæ.

None are exempt; our Lots are in the Urn,
Too ſoon, alas! 'twill be our fatal Turn,
And *Charon*'s Boat ſhall quickly waft us o'er,
Baniſh'd for ever to the *Stygian* Shore.

Horace,

Horace, Epode 13.

SEE how the bellying Clouds with Water bend;
The Rain and Hail in rattling Show'rs deſcend,
And *Thracian Boreas*, roaring thro' the Woods,
Blows with dilated Cheeks the foaming Floods.
My Friend, let's take Occaſion from the Day,
And jovially carouſe while yet we may;
While Youth remains, and our firm Knees are ſtrong,
Before oppreſs'd with Age, we feebly creep along.
Let now the Flaggon of old Wine be brought,
And baniſh from your Mind each cloudy Thought;
Fortune perhaps will our Affairs tranſlate,
With happy Change, to a ſucceſsful State.

Now

Now is the Time to ſcent our ſhining Hair,
And with the warbling Harp chace ev'ry anxious Care.
Thus noble *Chiron* to *Achilles* ſung;
" Unconquer'd Hero! from great *Thetis* ſprung,
" Thee *Priam*'s Realm expects, where the ſwift Tide
" Of *Simöis*, and ſmall *Scamander* glide;
" Whence Fate ordains, You ſhall return no more,
" Nor paſs the Ocean to your Native Shore;
" Your Blue-ey'd Mother cannot waft you o'er.
" There ev'ry Ill with Wine and Muſick charm,
" Which beſt the Sorrows of the Soul diſarm.

The Calends *of* MAY.

From *Buchanan.*

HAIL happy Dawn of chearful *May!*
Sacred to Mirth, and Wine, and Play;

To

To Sports and Paſtimes ſet apart,
And the fair Graces tripping Art:
Hail ſhining Glory of the Year!
Who in thy Turn doſt ſtill appear;
The Flow'r of new-born Youth, the Prime
Of too too tranſitory Time!

When Spring perpetual firſt did grace
The new made World's delightful Face;
And th' Age, with yellow Metal bright,
From Native Virtue follow'd Right;
The ſmiling Hours their meaſur'd Dance,
Did with ſuch Gaiety advance;
Such balmy Winds refreſh'd the Field,
Which waving Corn produc'd untill'd.

The happy Iſles ſuch Seaſons boaſt,
Where pining Age and Pains are loſt,

And

And the whole laughing Year is found
With Stable Health and Vigour crown'd.

Such Breezes fan the Trees below,
Which on ſlow *Lethe*'s Borders grow;
The Ghoſts ſuch Murmurs hear, who rove
In Silence thro' the Cypreſs Grove.

When cracling Flames this Globe ſhall burn,
And the bleſt Age again return;
Perhaps may breathe ſuch balmy Winds,
To recreate the Heav'nly Minds.

Hail happy Morn! to be expreſt
With a White Stone above the reſt;
Hail Image of the Golden Prime,
And pleaſing Type of future Time!

An Allusion to *Virgil*, Æneis 6. Ver. 660.

Hic Manus, ob Patriam pugnando Vulnera passi: &c.

Brave *Patriots* here, who for their Country's Good,
And just Defence, were prodigal of Blood;
Here holy *Priests*, of an unblemish'd Life,
Who hated Discord, and avoided Strife,
And taught the Crowd, in Unity and Love
To imitate the bounteous Pow'rs above,
Nor cherish'd dire Sedition's baleful Flame,
But by their Voice did raging Passions tame;
And Pious *Bards*, whose elevated Song
Confess'd th' inspiring God, from whom it sprung;
Physicians here, whose salutary Art
Did florid Health to the Diseas'd impart;

Astro-

Aſtronomers, who ſhew'd how Planets move,
And in the boundleſs Waſtes of Æther rove;
Uſeful *Mechanics*, whoſe contriving Thought
Invented Arts, or to Perfection brought;
And Thoſe, who with calm Privacy content,
Their ſilent Lives in noiſeleſs Virtue ſpent,
Diſtinguiſh'd, as a Mark of Honour wear
A Milk-white Fillet bound about their Hair.

Here Thoſe, who Pleaſure's ſoft enchanting Charms
Deſpis'd, and ſpurn'd the *Syren* from their Arms,
(Tho' Madmen by th' ignoble Vulgar deem'd,
And Fools by ſenſual *Epicures* eſteem'd,)
The ſolid Wiſdom of an honeſt Mind,
And full Reward by ſure Experience find.

Convinc'd that Virtue's not an empty Name,
Brutus his Error here retracts with Shame,
And loves the Goddeſs with a brighter Flame.

Good Princes here, who to their Country's Peace
In War and Council ſacrificed their Eaſe,
In ſuch true Bliſs and unmixt Pleaſures live,
As Royal Luxury cou'd never give:
Chief among Theſe, NASSAU's Immortal Shade,
With Glory crown'd, erects his laurell'd Head;
No Cares of State perplex his peaceful Breaſt,
Nor Fears of home-bred Villains break his Reſt,
Beyond the Reach of Snarling Envy, bleſt.

To EURYALUS, on the Death of his Mother.

In Imitation of HORACE, *Ode* 9. *Book* 2.

Written in the Year 1711.

Qualis populeâ mœrens philomela ſub umbrâ
Amiſſos queritur fœtus, quos durus Arator
Obſervans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, & mœſtis latè loca queſtibus implet. Virg.

I.

THO' jarring Clouds, collected in the Sky,
With Fury war, and ſhow'r impetuous Rain;
And ſounding Tempeſts, ruſhing from on high,
Inrage the Deep, and toſs the troubled Main:

II. Tho'

II.

Tho' ſluggiſh Ice the frozen Vale o'erſpread,
And ſtop the rapid Courſe of eager Floods,
While all around the Groves their Honours ſhed,
And naked Winter diſadorns the Woods:

III.

A Calm reſtores the Beauty of the Sky,
Huſhes the Storm, the Thunders ceaſe to roar,
The peaceful Winds in gentle Breezes fly,
And the vex'd Seas are diſcompos'd no more:

IV.

The Spring returns; all Nature's bright and gay,
Th' unclouded Sun ſhines forth with fuller Light,
The Fields new cloath'd their various Flow'rs diſplay,
At once to chear the Smell, and pleaſe the Sight.

V.

But You, my Friend, in ſolitary Strains,
Inceſſantly deplore your Parent's Death;
Nor Time nor Precepts can aſſwage your Pains;
In endleſs Sighs You waſte your pious Breath.

VI.

Your Lamentations ceaſe not, when the Light
Of glowing *Veſper* riſes on the Fields;
Nor when from Day he takes his haſty Flight,
And to the Sun's ſuperior Splendor yields.

VII.

Tho' Prophet *Helenus* bewail'd his Fate,
When *Priam* fell, and *Ilium* was on fire;
New Lands he fought, and rul'd a foreign State,
Bleſs'd in *Andromaché*, his Woes expire.

VIII. Pious

VIII.

Pious *Æneas* griev'd, but griev'd in vain,
When good *Anchiſes*, ſpent with Age, he loſt,
Eaſe of his Cares and Solace of his Pain,
Yet ſteer'd his Way to the *Saturnian* Coaſt.

IX.

Your Mourning then, my Friend, at length give o'er;
Let not your Soul by Sorrow be oppreſt,
Since your lov'd Parent can return no more
From the bright Manſions of Eternal Reſt.

X.

Let's rather ſing the Triumphs of EUGENE,
And Godlike CHURCHILL's hardy Deeds relate,
By whoſe great Conduct, from the Banks of *Seyne*
The fearful *Gauls* their Flight precipitate.

XI. Sing

XI.

Sing how the matchleſs Chief, ſedately brave,
With Ardor executes his QUEEN's Commands;
Pleas'd, that he can inſulted Nations ſave,
And Liberty reſtore to foreign Lands:

XII.

How *Britain*'s Fleet rides Victor of the Main,
While *Gallia*'s Monarch dreads th' impending Blow,
His Troops unable to defend *Bouchain*,
Or ſtop the rapid Courſe of MARLBOROUGH.

The Lamentation of ANDROMACHE for the Death of HECTOR.

Tranſlated from the Greek *of* HOMER, Iliad 22. Ver. 437.

——ἄλοχος δ' ὅπω τὶ πέπυστο
Ἕκτορ@· &c.

NO Tidings yet had reach'd his Princely Mate,
Nor knew ſhe, he remain'd without the Gate,
But ſitting ſilent in an inner Room,
Wove curious Flow'rs, and ply'd the various Loom;
Her lovely Maids, a Tripod's bulky Frame,
She order'd to ſurround with cracling Flame,
That panting *Hector*, when return'd from War,
Might in the Bath his wearied Limbs repair;

Thoughtleſs, that *Pallas*, on the diſtant Plain,
The Hero by *Achilles'* Arm had ſlain!
At length ſhe hears the Outcries from the Walls,
Strait from her trembling Hands the Shuttle falls,
And thus ſhe to her beauteous Damſels calls;

" Two, follow me; what lamentable Woe
" That mournful Clamour caus'd, I fain wou'd know;
" Of my lov'd Mother's Voice I heard the Sound;
" My falt'ring Feet are faſten'd to the Ground;
" Quick beats my Heart, and to my Mouth aſcends;
" Some Ill the good old *Priam*'s Sons attends!
" Perplex'd with jealous Doubts, I greatly fear,
" (Ye Gods! avert ſuch Tidings from my Ear)
" Too daring *Hector*, driven from the Town,
" *Achilles* chaces o'er the Field alone;
" And has at length that Godlike Courage quell'd,
" Which with prevailing Pow'r his Boſom ſwell'd;

 " Eager,

" Eager, he wou'd not with the Troops remain,
" But left them far behind him on the Plain.

This ſaid; like a mad *Bacchanal* ſhe flew
Thro' the wide Houſe: Two Maids her Steps purſue.
Soon as arriv'd upon the Turret's Height,
This Way and that, ſhe darts her eager Sight,
And *Hector*'s Body ſpies, by nimble Feet
Of fi'ry Steeds, drag'd to the *Grecian* Fleet.
Fainting ſhe falls, and dusky Night invades
Her heavy Eye-lids with its preſſing Shades;
Far from her Head the ſilken Fillet flew,
And her wide-ſpreading Hair diſclos'd to View;
The coſtly Veil upon the Pavement lay,
Bright *Venus*' Gift, on that illuſtrious Day
When the fair Bride, with a rich Dow'ry fraught,
Great *Hector* from *Eetion*'s Palace brought.

Her Royal Sifters round the Princefs prefs,
Who longs by Death her boundlefs Griefs to eafe.
Soon as the mighty Flood of Sorrows pent
In her fwoln Breaft had ftruggling found a Vent,
She in thefe Words, by frequent Sighings broke,
With mournful Accent to the *Trojans* fpoke;

" Ah! hapleſs *Hector!* hapleſs Me! begot
" Alike to Woes and a lamented Lot!
" To Thee did chaſte *Lucina* firſt diſplay
" At *Troy*, in *Priam*'s Houſe, the Light of Day;
" But Me, near Woody *Hypoplacus* born,
" *Eëtion* ſtrove with tender Care t'adorn:
" Unhappy Sire! whoſe Daughter is undone;
" Ah! wou'd to Heav'n, I ne'er had ſeen the Sun!
" Since, *Hector!* thou art immaturely fled
" To *Pluto*'s Kingdom, and the ſilent Dead;

" And

" And me haſt with our blooming Infant left,
" Of ev'ry Joy, and ev'ry Hope bereft!
" No more ſhall the dear Babe thy Eyes delight!
" Nor for him canſt thou now Victorious fight!
" Shou'd he eſcape the Dangers of the War,
" Yet countleſs Ills and Labours muſt he bear:
" Some will the Land-marks change, remove the Bounds,
" And raviſh from him his Paternal Grounds.
" O fatal Day, when tender Parents die!
" All former Friends the helpleſs Orphan fly!
" When his paſt Pleaſures in his Mem'ry riſe,
" The guſhing Tears will trickle from his Eyes.
" Diſtreſs'd, of the Companions of his Sire
" With moving Words, he'll needful Aid deſire;
" But all eſtrang'd, his hated Preſence ſhun,
" Nor ſeem to know great *Hector*'s wretched Son!
" If he preſume, an uninvited Gueſt,
" To mix with others at a jovial Feaſt,

" Some

" Some forward Youth, whom both his Parents grace,
" Inſultingly will ſtrike him on the Face,
" And with foul Language from the Banquet chaſe;
" *Be gone, vain Boy! thy Father feaſts not here;*
" To me he weeping runs with trembling Fear,
" Who on his Father's Knee was wont to eat
" Marrow alone, and the moſt luſcious Meat:
" The cheriſh'd Child, who, when with Paſtimes tir'd
" His weary Limbs refreſhing Reſt requir'd,
" Slept on Down Beds, in his fond Nurſe's Arms,
" With Heart o'erflow'd with Joy, thoughtleſs of Harms,
" A thouſand various Hardſhips muſt endure,
" Nor can his Sire his Infancy ſecure!
" He, whom the *Trojans* ſtil'd the *Prince of Troy*,
" In Grief Inglorious ſhall his Hours employ!
" O *Hector!* Thou alone didſt guard this Town;
" Theſe lofty Walls were kept by thy Renown!

" But now, far from thy Parents drag'd away,
" And on the barren Beach expos'd a Prey,
" The Dogs thy Coarſe with greedy Rage ſhall tear,
" And hungry Worms the wretched Remnant ſhare.
" Veſts, ſtiff with Gold, are in my Wardrobe laid,
" Wrought by the Hand of ev'ry curious Maid,
" All Theſe ſhall ſerve to grace thy Fun'ral Fire,
" Since now thy Body needs no rich Attire!

She ſaid; and ſighing wip'd her flowing Eyes;
The ecchoing Turret rung with doleful Cries.

FINIS.